(2)

Juvenalis
K

TWO SATIRES.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, A.M.

OXFORD,
At the CLARENDON PRINTING HOUSE,
M.DCC.LIX.

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MDCCLIX.

LONDON:

A POEM.

In Imitation of the

THIRD SATIRE of JUVENAL.

----- Quis ineptæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat ſe? Juv.

THO' grief and fondneſs in my breaſt rebel,
When injur'd Thales bids the town farewel,
Yet ſtill my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praiſe the hermit, but regret the friend,
Who now reſolves from vice, and London far,
To breathe in diſtant fields a purer air,
And, fix'd on Cambria's ſolitary ſhore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.

JUV. Sat. III.

Quamvis digreſſu veteris confuſus amici;
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod ſedem figere Cumis
Deſtinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

[b] For who wou'd leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are ſwept by ſudden fate away,
But all whom hunger ſpares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conſpire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambuſh here relentleſs ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houſes thunder on your head,
And here a female atheiſt talks you dead.

[c] While THALES waits the wherry that contains
Of diſſipated wealth the ſmall remains,
On Thames's banks in ſilent thought we ſtood,
Where Greenwich ſmiles upon the ſilver flood:
Struck with the ſeat that gave † Eliza birth,
We kneel, and kiſs the conſecrated earth;
In pleaſing dreams the bliſsful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;

[b] ----- *Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ,*
Nam quid tam miſerum, tam ſolum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapſus
Tectorum aſſiduos, et mille pericula ſævæ
Urbis, & Auguſto recitantes menſe poetas?
[c] *Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,*
Subſtitit ad veteres arcus. -----

† *Queen Elizabeth born at Greenwich.*

Behold

Behold her croſs triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain.
Ere maſquerades debauch'd, exciſe oppreſs'd,
Or Engliſh honour grew a ſtanding jeſt.

A tranſient calm the happy ſcenes beſtow,
And for a moment lull the ſenſe of woe. - - - - -
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.

[d] Since worth, he cries, in theſe degen'rate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praiſe;
In thoſe curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded ſcience toils in vain;
Since hope but ſooths to double my diſtreſs,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little leſs;
While yet my ſteddy ſteps no [e] ſtaff ſuſtains,
And life ſtill vig'rous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind heaven, to find ſome happier place,
Where honeſty and ſenſe are no diſgrace;

[d] *Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, inquit, honeſtis*
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor eſt, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas;
Dum nova canities - - - - -
[e] *- - - - - et pedibus me*
Porto meis, nullo dextram ſubeunte bacillo.

Some

Some pleaſing bank where verdant oſiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's painting gay;
Where once the harraſs'd Briton found repoſe,
And ſafe in poverty defy'd his foes;
Some ſecret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give.
[f] Let ----- live here, for ----- has learn'd to live.
Here let thoſe reign, whom penſions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day;
With ſlaviſh tenets taint our poiſon'd youth,
And lend a lye the confidence of truth.
[g] Let ſuch raiſe palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery,
With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd ſtage,
And lull to ſervitude a thoughtleſs age.
Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride ſhall hold?
What check reſtrain your thirſt of pow'r and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.

[f] *Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturius iſtic*
Et Catulus: maneant qui nigrum in candida vertunt.
[g] *Queis facile eſt ædem conducere, flumina, portus,*
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad buſta cadaver.---
Munera nunc edunt.

To ſuch, a groaning nation's ſpoils are giv'n,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n:
[h] But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who ſtart at theft, and bluſh at perjury?
Who ſcarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN's court he ſing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A ſtateſman's logick unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to ſlumber o'er the Gazetteer;
Deſpiſe a fool in half his penſion dreſs'd,
And ſtrive in vain to laugh at H----y's jeſt.
[i] Others with ſofter ſmiles, and ſubtler art,
Can ſap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more addreſs a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they riſe, while I, whoſe ruſtick tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varniſh wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a ſpy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.

[h] *Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri neſcio: librum,*
Si malus eſt, nequeo laudare & poſcere. ---
[i] --- *Fere ad nuptas, quæ mittit adulter,*
Quæ mandat, norint alii; me nemo miniſtro
Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.

[k] For what but ſocial guilt the friend endears?
Who ſhares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune ſhares.
[l] But thou, ſhould tempting villainy preſent
All Marlb'rough hoarded, or all Villiers ſpent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy ſcornful eye,
Nor ſell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful ſlumber, ſelf-approving day,
Unſullied fame, and conſcience ever gay.
[m] The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, ſee!
Mark whom the great careſs, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common ſhore of Paris, and of Rome;
With eager thirſt, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted ſtate.
Forgive my tranſports on a theme like this,
[n] I cannot bear a French metropolis.

[k] *Quis nunc diligitur, niſi conſcius? - - - - -*
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult
Accuſare poteſt. - - - - -
[l] *- - - - Tanti tibi non ſit opaci*
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut ſomno careas. - - - - -
[m] *Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptiſſima noſtris,*
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri,
[n] *- - - - - - - - Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,*
Græcam urbem. - - - - -

[o] Illuſtrious

[o] Illuſtrious EDWARD! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of ſaints ſurvey;
Nor hope the Britiſh lineaments to trace,
The ruſtick grandeur, or the ſurly grace,
But loſt in thoughtleſs eaſe, and empty ſhow,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Senſe, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.
All that at home no more can beg or ſteal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiſs'd from the ſtage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dreſs, their politicks import;
[p] Obſequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their induſtry can 'ſcape,
[q] They ſing, they dance, clean ſhoes, or cure a clap;
All ſciences a faſting Monſieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

[o] *Ruſticus ille tuus ſumit trechedipna, Quirine,*
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.
[p] *Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, ſermo*
Promptus - - - - -
[q] *Augur, ſchœnobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit,*
Græculus eſuriens, in cœlum, juſſeris, ibit.

[r] Ah! what avails it, that, from ſlav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in Engliſh air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And liſp the tales of HENRY's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery ſubdues when arms are vain?

[s] Studious to pleaſe, and ready to ſubmit,
The ſupple Gaul was born a paraſite:
Still to his int'reſt true, where-e'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his laviſh tongue beſtows;
In ev'ry face a thouſand graces ſhine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.

[t] Theſe arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lye,
And gain a kick for aukward flattery.

Beſides, with juſtice this diſcerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the ſtage:

[u] Well may they venture on the mimick's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;

[r] *Uſque adeo nihil eſt, quod noſtra infantia cælum*
Hauſit Aventini?
[s] *Quid, quod adulandi gens prudentiſſima laudat*
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici?
[t] *Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare: ſed illis*
Creditur.
[u] *Natio comœda eſt. Rides? majore cachinno*
Concutitur, &c.

Practis'd their maſter's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild abſurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To ſhake with laughter ere the jeſt they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear,
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To ſhake in dog-days, in December ſweat.
[x] How, when competitors like theſe contend,
Can ſurly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with ſerious impudence beguile,
And lye without a bluſh, without a ſmile;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taſte in ſnuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and ſwear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
For arts like theſe prefer'd, admir'd, careſs'd,
They firſt invade your table, then your breaſt;
[y] Explore your ſecrets with inſidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ranſack all the heart;

[x] *Non ſumus ergo pares: melior qui ſemper & omni*
Nocte dieque poteſt alienum ſumere vultum:
A facie jactare manus, laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, ſi rectum minxit amicus.
[y] *Scire volunt ſecreta domûs, atque inde timeri.*

Then ſoon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

[z] By numbers here from ſhame or cenſure free,
All Crimes are ſafe, but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid Law purſues,
This, only this, provokes the ſnarling Muſe.
The ſober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With briſker air the ſilken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thouſand ways.
[a] Of all the griefs that harraſs the diſtreſs'd;
Sure the moſt bitter is a ſcornful jeſt;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's inſult points the dart.

[b] Has heaven reſerv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathleſs waſte, or undiſcover'd ſhore?
No ſecret iſland in the boundleſs main?
No peaceful deſart yet unclaim'd by SPAIN?
Quick let us riſe, the happy ſeats explore,
And bear oppreſſion's inſolence no more.

[z] ---- *Materiem præbet cauſaſque jocorum*
Omnibus hic idem ſi fœda & ſciſſa laterna, &c.
[a] *Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe,*
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.
[b] ---------- *Agmine facto*
Debuerant olim tenues migraſſe Quirites.

This

This mournful truth is ev'ry where confeſs'd,
[c] SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:
But here more ſlow, where all are ſlaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandiſe, and ſmiles are ſold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the ſtreets and thunder to the ſkies:
Rais'd from ſome pleaſing dream of wealth and power,
Some pompous palace, or ſome bliſsful bow'r,
Aghaſt you ſtart, and ſcarce with aking ſight
Suſtain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from purſuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;
[d] Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can ſtarving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative diſcloſe,
While all neglect, and moſt inſult your woes.

[c] *Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat*
Res anguſta domi. Sed Romæ durior illis
Conatus - - - - -
- - - - - - - - OMNIA Romæ
Cum pretio - - - - - - -
Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia ſervis.
[d] *- - - - - - - - Ultimus autem*
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & fruſta rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hoſpitio, tectoque juvabit.

[e] Should

[c] Should heaven's juſt bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And ſpread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the diſmal rumour flies,
And publick mournings pacify the ſkies;
The laureat tribe in ſervile verſe relate,
How virtue wars with perſecuting fate;
[f] With well-feign'd gratitude the penſion'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vaſſals come,
And crowd with ſudden wealth the riſing dome;
The price of boroughs and of ſouls reſtore;
And raiſe his treaſures higher than before:
Now bleſs'd with all the baubles of the great,
The poliſh'd marble, and the ſhining plate,
[g] Orgilio ſees the golden pile aſpire,
And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.

[c] *Si magna Aſturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,*
Pullati proceres. - - - -
[f] *Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,*
Conferat impenſas: hic, &c.
Hic modum argenti. - - - -
[g] - - - - - - - *Meliora, ac plura reponit*
Perſicus orborum lautiſſimus. - - - - -

[h] Could'ſt

[h] Could'ſt thou reſign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'ſt thou find ſome elegant retreat,
Some hireling ſenator's deſerted ſeat;
And ſtretch thy proſpects o'er the ſmiling land,
For leſs than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, ſupport thy drooping flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And, while thy beds a cheap repaſt afford,
Deſpiſe the dainties of a venal lord;
There ev'ry buſh with nature's muſick rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours ſecurity ſhall ſmile,
And bleſs thy evening walk and morning toil.

[i] Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And ſign your will before you ſup from home.

[h] *Si potes avelli Circenſibus, optima Soræ,*
Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Fruſinone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus hic - - - - - - - - -
Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum poſſis centum dare Pythagoræis.

[i] *- - - Poſſis ignavus haberi,*
Et ſubiti caſus improvidus, ad cænam ſi
Inteſtatus eas.

[k] Some

[k] Some fiery fop, with new commiſſion vain,
Who ſleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feaſt,
Provokes a broil, and ſtabs you for a jeſt.

[l] Yet ev'n theſe heroes, miſchievouſly gay,
Lords of the ſtreet, and terrors of the way;
Fluſh'd as they are with folly, youth and wine,
Their prudent inſults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And ſhun the ſhining train, and golden coach.

[m] In vain theſe dangers paſt, your doors you cloſe,
And hope the balmy bleſſings of repoſe:
Cruel with guilt and daring with deſpair,
The midnight murd'rer burſts the faithleſs bar;
Invades the ſacred hour of ſilent reſt,
And plants, unſeen, a dagger in your breaſt.

[k] *Ebrius, ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,*
Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Pelidæ- - - - -

[l] *- - - - Sed, quamvis improbus annis - - -*
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina lœna
Vitari jubet, et comitum longiſſimus ordo:
Multum præterea flammarum, atque ænea lampas. - -

[m] *Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui ſpoliet te*
Non deerit: clauſis domibus, &c.

[n] Scarce

[n] Scarce can our fields, ſuch crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet ſupply.
Propoſe your ſchemes, ye ſenatorian band,
Whoſe ways and means ſupport the ſinking land;
Leſt ropes be wanting in the tempting ſpring,
To rig another convoy for the k--g.

[o] A ſingle jail, in ALFRED'S golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Juſtice then, without conſtraint ador'd,
Held high the ſteady ſcale, but deep'd the ſword;
No ſpies were paid, no ſpecial juries known,
Bleſt age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!

[p] Much could I add, but ſee the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land:
[q] Farewel! --When youth, and health, and fortune ſpent,
Thou fly'ſt for refuge to the wilds of Kent;

[n] *Maximus in vinclis ferri modus: ut timeas ne*
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et ſarcula deſint.
[o] *Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas*
Secula, quæ quondam ſub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.
[p] *His alias poteram, & plures ſubnectere cauſas:*
Sed jumenta vocant. - - - - -
[q] *- - - - - Ergo vale noſtri memor: & quoties te*
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Eleuſinam Cererem, veſtramque Dianam
Convelle a Cumis: ſatiraram ergo, ni pudet illas
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes;
In angry numbers warn'ſt ſucceeding times;
Then ſhall thy friend, nor thou refuſe his aid,
Still foe to vice, forſake his Cambrian ſhade;
In virtue's cauſe once more forſake his rage,
Thy ſatire point, and animate thy page.

The

The Vanity of Human Wiſhes.

THE

TENTH SATIRE of JUVENAL.

LET [a] obſervation with extenſive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager ſtrife,
And watch the buſy ſcenes of crowded life;
Then ſay how hope and fear, deſire and hate,
O'erſpread with ſnares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the miſt delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chaſes airy good.
How rarely reaſon guides the ſtubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the ſuppliant voice,
How nations ſink, by darling ſchemes oppreſs'd,
When vengeance liſtens to the fool's requeſt.

[a] *Ver* 1-----21.

Fate wings with ev'ry wiſh th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal ſweetneſs elocution flows,
Impeachment ſtops the ſpeaker's pow'rful breath,
And reſtleſs fire precipitates on death.

[b] But ſcarce obſerv'd the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral maſſacre of gold;
Wide-waſting peſt! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his ſword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge diſtorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor ſafety buys,
The dangers gather as the treaſures riſe.

Let hiſt'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title ſhakes the madded land,
When ſtatutes glean the refuſe of the ſword,
How much more ſafe the vaſſal than the lord,
Low ſculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traytor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his ſlumbers ſound,
Tho' confiſcation's vulturs hover round.

[b] *Ver.* 12——22.

The needy traveller, ſerene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and ſings his toil away.
Does envy ſeize thee? cruſh th' upbraiding joy,
Increaſe his riches and his peace deſtroy,
New fears in dire viciſſitude invade,
The ruſtling brake alarms, and quiv'ring ſhade,
Nor light nor darkneſs bring his pain relief,
One ſhews the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet [c] ſtill one gen'ral cry the ſkies aſſails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling ſtateſman's fear or care,
Th' inſidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once [d] more, Democritus, ariſe on earth,
With chearful wiſdom and inſtructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dreſs'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jeſt:
Thou who couldſt laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil cruſh'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And ſcarce a ſycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or ſeen a new-made mayor's unwieldy ſtate;

[c] *Ver.* 23----27. [d] *Ver.* 28----55.

Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And ſenates heard before they judg'd a cauſe;
How wouldſt thou ſhake at Britain's modiſh tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to decry,
And pierce each ſcene with philoſophic eye.
To thee were ſolemn toys or empty ſhew,
The robes of pleaſure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whoſe joys are cauſeleſs, or whoſe griefs are vain.

Such was the ſcorn that fill'd the ſage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on humankind;
How juſt that ſcorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every State, and canvaſs ev'ry prayer.

Unnumber'd ſuppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirſt for wealth, and burning to be great;
Deluſive fortune hears th' inceſſant call,
They mount, they ſhine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry ſtage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and inſult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the ſinking ſtateſman's door
Pours in the morning worſhipper no more;

For

For growing names the weekly ſcribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies,
From ev'ry room deſcends the painted face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the Place,
And ſmoak'd in kitchens, or in auctions ſold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form diſtorted juſtifies the fall,
And deteſtation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the laſt appeal,
Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal;
Through freedom's ſons no more remonſtrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controuling kings;
Our ſupple tribes repreſs their patriot throats,
And aſk no queſtions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and ſeptennial ale,
Their wiſh is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, ſee Wolſey ſtand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs conſign,
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty ſhine,
Still to new heights his reſtleſs wiſhes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;

Till

Till conqueſt unreſiſted ceas'd to pleaſe,
And rights ſubmitted, left him none to ſeize.
At length his ſov'reign frowns——the train of ſtate
Mark the keen glance, and watch the ſign to hate.
Where-e'er he turns he meets a ſtranger's eye,
His ſuppliants ſcorn him, and his followers fly;
At once is loſt the pride of aweful ſtate,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppreſs'd,
He ſeeks the refuge of monaſtic reſt.
Grief aids diſeaſe, remember'd folly ſtings,
And his laſt ſighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whoſe thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolſey's wealth, with Wolſey's end be thine?
Or liv'ſt thou now, with ſafer pride content,
The wiſeſt juſtice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolſey near the ſteeps of fate,
On weak foundations raiſe th' enormous weight?
Why but to ſink beneath Misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?

What [f] gave great Villiers to th' aſſaſſin's knife,
And fix'd diſeaſe on Harley's cloſing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wiſh indulg'd in courts to ſhine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to reſign?

When [g] firſt the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthuſiaſt quits his eaſe for fame;
Through all his veins the fever of renown
Spreads from the ſtrong contagion of the gown;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours ſpread,
And [h] Bacon's manſion trembles o'er his head.
Are theſe thy views? proceed, illuſtrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!
Yet ſhould thy ſoul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive Science yields her laſt retreat;
Should Reaſon guide thee with her brigheſt ray,
And pour on miſty Doubt reſiſtleſs day;
Should no falſe Kindneſs lure to looſe delight,
Nor Praiſe relax, nor Difficulty fright;

[f] *Ver.* 108-----113. [g] *Ver.* 114-----132.

[h] *There is a tradition, that the ſtudy of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall, when a man greater than Bacon ſhall paſs under it.*

Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuſe her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no Diſeaſe thy torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy ſhade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the paſſing world to turn thine eyes,
And pauſe awhile from letters, to be wiſe;
There mark what ills the ſcholar's life aſſail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations ſlowly wiſe, and meanly juſt,
To buried merit raiſe the tardy buſt.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her laſt prize beſtows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from woes;
See when the vulgar 'ſcape, deſpis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons ſeize on Laud.
From meaner minds, tho' ſmaller fines content
The plunder'd palace or ſequeſter'd rent;
Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the ſhock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:

Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and ſleep.

The [i] feſtal blazes, the triumphal ſhow,
The raviſh'd ſtandard, and the captive foe,
The ſenate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force reſiſtleſs o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Aſia whirl'd,
For ſuch the ſteady Romans ſhook the world;
For ſuch in diſtant lands the Britons ſhine,
And ſtain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praiſe, that virtue ſcarce can warm,
Till fame ſupplies the univerſal charm.
Yet Reaſon frowns on War's unequal Game,
Where waſted nations raiſe a ſingle name,
And mortgaged ſtates their grandſires wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlaſting debt;
Wreaths which at laſt the dear-bought right convey
To ruſt on medals, or on ſtones decay.

On [k] what foundation ſtands the warrior's pride,
How juſt his hopes let Swediſh Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a ſoul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;

[i] *Ver.* 133-----146. [k] *Ver.* 147----167.

O'er love, o'er fear extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleaſure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific ſcepters yield,
War ſounds the trump, he ruſhes to the field;
Behold ſurrounding kings their pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one reſign;
Peace courts his hand, but ſpreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought remain,
"On Moſcow's walls till Gothick ſtandards fly,
"And all be mine beneath the polar ſky."
The march begins in military ſtate,
And nations on his eye ſuſpended wait;
Stern Famine guards the ſolitary Coaſt,
And Winter barricades the realm of Froſt;
He comes, not want and cold his courſe delay;—
Hide, bluſhing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquiſh'd hero leaves his brok'n bands,
And ſhews his miſeries in diſtant lands;
Condemn'd a needy ſupplicant to wait,
While ladies interpoſe, and ſlaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no ſubverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hoſtile millions preſs him to the ground?

His

His fall was deſtin'd to a barren ſtrand,
A petty fortreſs, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All[1] times their ſcenes of pompous woes afford,
From Perſia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hoſtility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his ſide,
Great Xerxes comes to ſeize the certain prey,
And ſtarves exhauſted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads ſooth his pride no more;
Freſh praiſe is try'd till madneſs fires his mind,
The waves he laſhes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are ſtill beſtowd,
Till rude reſiſtance lops the ſpreading god;
The daring Greek derides the martial ſhow,
And heaps their vallies with the gaudy foe;
Th' inſulted ſea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A ſingle ſkiff to ſpeed his flight remains;
Th' incumber'd oar ſcarce leaves the dreaded coaſt
Through purple billows and a floating hoſt.

[1] *Ver.* 168——187.

The

The bold Bavarian, in a luckleſs hour,
Tries the dread ſummits of Ceſarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions burſts away,
And ſees defenceleſs realms receive his ſway;
Short ſway! fair Auſtria ſpreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, ſets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacons rouſing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praiſe:
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Huſſar,
And all the ſons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of haſty greatneſs finds the fatal doom,
His foes deriſion, and his ſubjects blame,
And ſteals to death from anguiſh and from ſhame.

Enlarge [n] my life with multitude of days,
In health, in ſickneſs, thus the ſuppliant prays;
Hides from himſelf his ſtate, and ſhuns to know,
That life protracted, is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to deſtroy,
And ſhuts up all the paſſages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous ſeaſons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,

[n] *Ver.* 188——288.

With

With liſtleſs eyes the dotard views the ſtore,
He views, and wonders that they pleaſe no more;
Now pall the taſteleſs meats, and joyleſs wines,
And Luxury with ſighs her ſlave reſigns.
Approach, ye minſtrels, try the ſoothing ſtrain,
And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No ſounds alas would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witneſs Orpheus near,
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'r attend,
Nor ſweeter muſick of a virtuous friend,
But everlaſting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perverſely grave or poſitively wrong.
The ſtill returning tale, and ling'ring jeſt,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd gueſt,
While growing hopes ſcarce awe the gath'ring ſneer,
And ſcarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful gueſts ſtill hint the laſt offence,
The daughter's petulance, the ſon's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous ſkill,
And mould his paſſions till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay ſiege to life and preſs the dire blockade;
But unextinguiſh'd Av'rice ſtill remains,
And dreaded loſſes aggravate his pains;

He

He turns, with anxious heart and cripled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with ſuſpicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bleſs with an age exempt from ſcorn or crime;
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modeſt innocence away;
Whoſe peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whoſe night congratulating Conſcience chears;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend;
Such age there is, and who could wiſh its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load misfortune flings,
To preſs the weary minutes flagging wings;
New ſorrow riſes as the day returns,
A ſiſter ſickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the ſable bier,
Now lacerated friendſhip claims a tear.
Year chaſes year, decay purſues decay,
Still drops ſome joy from with'ring life away;
New forms ariſe, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the ſtage,
Till pitying Nature ſigns the laſt releaſe,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But

But few there are whom hours like theſe await,
Who ſet unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch ſhould the ſearch deſcend,
By Solon cautioned to regard his end,
In life's laſt ſcene what prodigies ſurpriſe,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wiſe?
From Marlb'rough's eyes the ſtreams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a ſhow.

The [n] teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty ſpring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of roſy lips and radiant Eyes,
Whom pleaſure keeps too buſy to be wiſe,
Whom Joys with ſoft varieties invite,
By day the frolick, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who ſmile with art,
And aſk the lateſt faſhion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedleſs charms ſhall ſave,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your ſlave?
Againſt your fame with fondneſs hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.

[n] *Ver.* 289----345.

With diſtant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Leſs heard and leſs, the faint remonſtrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, ſhe quits the ſlip'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her ſeat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the paſs defend,
The harmleſs Freedom, and the private Friend.
The guardians yield, by force ſuperior ply'd;
By Int'reſt, Prudence; and by Flattery, Pride.
Now Beauty falls betray'd, deſpis'd, diſtreſs'd,
And hiſſing Infamy proclaims the reſt.

Where[a] then ſhall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Muſt dull Suſpence corrupt the ſtagnant mind?
Muſt helpleſs man, in ignorance ſedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Muſt no diſlike alarm, no wiſhes riſe,
No cries attempt the mercies of the ſkies?
Enquirer, ceaſe, petitions yet remain,
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raiſe for good the ſupplicating voice,
But leave to heav'n the meaſure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whoſe eyes diſcern afar
The ſecret ambuſh of a ſpecious pray'r.

[a] *Ver.* 346------366.

Implore

Implore his aid, in his deciſions reſt,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the beſt.
Yet when the ſenſe of ſacred preſence fires,
And ſtrong devotion to the ſkies aſpires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient paſſions and a will reſign'd;
For love, which ſcarce collective man can fill;
For patience ſov'reign o'er tranſmuted ill;
For faith that panting for a happier ſeat,
Counts death kind Nature's ſignal of retreat:
Theſe goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
Theſe goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With theſe celeſtial Wiſdom calms the mind,
And makes the happineſs ſhe does not find.

THE END.

Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith that panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

THE END.